

A PERUVIAN PARADISE A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

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The eastern sky was already aglow when they reached the edge of the group of stone buildings about the temple. Like two shadows they crept behind one of the houses and crouched down to wait for the people to gather on the plaza. They could hear the occupants of the house stirring, and soon the beating of the brazen gongs on the temple porch denoted that the time for the morning sacrifice was near at hand. The people left their houses and hurried to the place.

When the sound of the sandals had died away the two fugitives ventured into the house. On a stone slab beside the fireplace were bread and meat which the women had prepared for the family breakfast. Keeth seized a blanket and wrapped the food in it.

Then they entered another house, and another, in each finding food, but few torches. It was quite necessary that they should have plenty of light wood, for Jose declared the caverns through which he proposed to lead them to be a veritable labyrinth, and the only manner by which they might find their way was by marks he had made upon the walls.

But the houses seemed all deserted, and as long as the people remained in the temple court they might search for what they needed un molested. They went from house to house as coolly as though nearly a thousand savages were not gathered within a few rods of them. Finally, from one place and another, Jose managed to collect a goodly bundle of torches. These he strapped upon his back, so as to leave his hands free; Keeth had already done the same with his package of provisions.

"Now come on," whispered the latter. "We'll get out before they begin their pow-wow."

But in going back they passed within sight of the plaza. The open space before the temple was choked with people, but all standing as motionless as graven images. It was growing lighter now and the fugitives could see across the plaza to the group of priests upon the temple porch. The great gongs ceased their clangor, and as they gazed the crowd of white robed priests parted and a figure dressed in savage magnificence swept down the steps to the altar. It was Gonnatzl.

Keeth halted and clutched his companion by the arm.

"Wait," he said breathlessly. "That is the new high priest. Let us see what follows."

"We shall be discovered, señor," whispered Jose.

"Not yet."

The light of the torches which attendants held upon either hand fell full upon the noble figure of the young Indian. Massive gold bands covered his arms and great bars of gold hung from his ears. The cloak which swept the steps behind him flashed a dozen lovely shades. It was made of the brilliant plumage of the parouquet and a chain of dull gold links held it upon his shoulders.

After standing a moment in silence the prince began to speak. His powerful voice penetrated to the farthest side of the plaza and every word was easily distinguished by Keeth. His first few sentences held the fugitive enthralled. Gonnatzl was arraigning the Princess Imozeze for the escape of the three white men!

Keeth could hear murmurings of anger break out among the assembly as the wily Gonnatzl went on. The man accused her of forsaking her own people for the love of one of the white prisoners. Keeth's face burned and his hand clutched the butt of his pistol as he listened to the foul accusations. He blamed himself now—oh, how bitterly!—for leaving the girl to the mercy of her people. Yet, at the time, he had believed he was doing right.

Suddenly a rosy beam of light filtered through the fog. The sun was rising. At a motion from Gonnatzl the torches were extinguished and the people commenced a wild, fierce chant. The crowd of priests above him separated and a slight, shrinking figure was pushed forward. It was Imozeze!

The high priest seized her by the shoulder and dragged her forward to the altar. Her wrists were knotted together behind her back and her clothing had been half torn from her body. With a quick twist of his muscular arm Gonnatzl threw her back upon the altar, and just as the first beam of the sun struck full upon him he poised the huge sacrificial knife above her bared breast.

He drew back the knife for the twofold stroke. The assembly was hushed again. Suddenly the crack of a pistol shattered the silence. A tiny red mark appeared in the center of the high priest's forehead and he staggered back a step. The knife fell clattering to the pavement, and swinging around with blindly groping hands Gonnatzl dropped at full length beside the altar.

The awed hush was broken by frightened screams of women and the hoarse cries of men. Several of the

priests rushed forward to their fallen leader; but again the crack of the revolver rose above the tumult. One and then another fell, or staggered back in agony as the leaden messengers reached their marks. The fusillade continued. They could see nothing—not even the smoke of the discharge. Simply the whiplike crack of the weapon and the dropping of those about the altar—that was all.

The cries of the assembly rose to a terrified shriek. They scattered through the lanes and alleys of the town. The priests darted back into the temple, leaving their dead and wounded companions heaped about the altar.

Suddenly a figure leaped out from the shelter of a house and ran across the deserted court. It was Keeth; but the fusillade of pistol shots did not cease, for Joe stood at the corner of the building and fired at the last disappearing Indians.

The American reached the altar in an instant. He whipped out his knife and cut the bonds of the victim of the Indians' fanatical rage. He raised her in his arms and turned to fly. But the girl's eyes were closed and she lay a dead weight against his breast.

Was she dead? Had the horror of the awful experience through which she had passed snapped the frail thread of life? Keeth tried to feel if her heart beat, but in his horror he was unable to discover the faintest flutter.

"My God! she is dead!" he thought, and staggered down from the altar. "She is dead!" he repeated, and pressed his lips to the closed lids and pallid cheeks.

And then, as though his touch had called her back to life, the eyes opened and she gazed into his own.

"My lord," she whispered, in wonder, "is it thou?"

Suddenly Jose's voice rang out across the plaza:

"Come, señor! Que desee! They are coming back. Quick!"

Aroused by these words Keeth recrossed the court and joined his comrade.

"We had not a moment to lose!" cried Jose. "What do you wait the señorita?"

"She goes with us," replied Keeth, between his teeth. "If I cannot escape with her, I'll not escape at all."

They ran toward the edge of the town, but before they reached the open country the brazen gong of the temple clanged forth a summons for the re-gathering of the populace. Soon

"Come, señor! What do you want?"

they would be pursued, and Keeth strained every effort to keep pace with his more fleet footed companion.

CHAPTER XV.

AT LAST THE TREASURE.

Keeth will never forget that race in the dusk of the early morning. A great mass of drab cloud obscured the face of the lately risen sun, and the fog still lay thick upon the valley. The damp mist wrapped them about like a blanket and hid them from the eyes of the savages.

They met none of their enemies during the flight down the valley. They were all behind. But the loud notes of the brazen gongs rang in their ears till they reached and entered the tunnel.

Keeth was panting from exhaustion; but he would not set Imozeze down until they were well into the subterranean passage. Jose drew his match safe from a ragged pocket and lit one of the torches. With this flaming over his head he led the way. The American followed him, still bearing most of the girl's weight upon his arm.

"My lord," she said, "where are we going?"

"Do you fear to trust yourself to me, Imozeze?" he asked.

She halted in the rough path and cast her arms about his neck. "Not now, my lord, for I know thou lovest me."

"Not even if I tell thee thou wilt never see thy people again?"

She shuddered. "They are no longer my people. If I follow thee to the abode of the gods, it were better!"

"Then thou shalt go to my people, Imozeze," he said, and they went on again, hand in hand.

Ford was waiting for them at the entrance of the side passage, anxious because of their long absence. When he saw Imozeze several different emotions struggled for the mastery in his face at once; but something in Keeth's eye warned him to restrain his natural impulse to chaff. They all four entered the inner chamber and awoke Fitch. Before anything else was done or said Keeth briefly related what had occurred in the town and the circumstances which led to Imozeze's presence with them.

"Hand you did just right, Mr. Keeth," declared Fitch. "Them bloody devils! He'll only sorry he didn't get a shot at 'em myself. D'ye think there's henny likelihood of their attacking us here?"

"I don't know," returned Keeth.

"We will not give them the chance," said Jose. "We will stop up the entrance to these place and then go on

through the caverns to the river. Come, señors! at once!"

He naturally took the lead, and, with Ford and Keeth's assistance, set about closing the entrance of their retreat. From some dark part of the chamber he produced a rudely wrought iron bar, and with its aid piled several bulky boulders into the passage. These they "choked" with smaller stones, finally completing a barrier that would cause their enemies much trouble in breaking down, even providing they discovered the fugitives' retreat. Then, with the bar in one hand and a blazing torch in the other, Jose led his little party deeper into the bowels of the mountain.

"These rock is soft, señor," he said to Keeth. "Some time—long past—the water carve out these passages. They lead down—down till they reach the level of the river. The ancestors of these Indians perhaps used these way ver' mooh—quien sabe?"

Imozeze looked about her in wonder as they passed down the echoing aisles; yet she recognized the place from the traditions of her people. "My lord," she said, "are not these the lost treasure caves of my people?"

"So we believe," replied Keeth.

"Our friend, yonder—who bears the mark upon his face—discovered this way of escape when he ran from thy people months ago. It will now prove our salvation."

As they went on they had often to halt and examine with interest the carven walls and hideously sculptured columns which upheld the roof of the caverns. In some apartments were rude forges and iron and bronze implements which showed the early occupants of the caverns to have possessed no inconsiderable knowledge of metal working. Fitch was in a continual state of amazement.

"Hi wouldn't 'ave believed hit!" he kept repeating. "Hi can't believe them niggers ever did all this."

In one great cave, the roof of which arched above their heads like the dome of a subterranean St. Peter's, Jose led them to a point in the wall where a seam of glittering quartz, quite two feet wide, was laid bare from base to roof. It flashed back the light of the torches most dazzlingly. It was a vein of gold!

A little farther on they passed into a smaller chamber through a crumbling doorway. The door itself lay upon the floor, but the lintels were still well preserved, showing how slight the action of the atmosphere had been upon them during the centuries since they were placed there. The air was perfectly dry and sweet throughout the cave.

"Sensors," exclaimed Jose, waving the torch around his head, "feast your eyes upon the treasures of the Incas! The walls were covered with rude picture writing. But these attracted no attention from his comrades. On the floor were heaped hundreds of bars of metal such as Jose had shown them that day on the trail to Hualpa. They were of gold—pure, virgin gold!

Fitch and Ford Kinsale fairly cast themselves upon the ground before the treasure. But to Keeth the gold seemed of smaller moment now.

"Why, man! what ails you?" demanded Ford, looking up at him. "Don't you see we're rich for life?"

"Providing we can get away with enough of hit," interposed Fitch, handling the bars almost caressingly. "I see," returned Keeth; "but Imozeze here is laughing at you. She doesn't consider the stuff worth much, and I don't know but she's more than half right."

"Pol-de-rol!" exclaimed Fitch. "When a man has a chance to make his fortune in a moment, he'll do it—even you, Mr. Keeth."

"For my part," said Ford, determinedly, "I shall take all the stuff with me I can carry, and I advise you to do the same."

"You're right, Mr. Kinsale," the trader said. "Hit's a crime to waste a opportunity like this, Hi say!"

And it was so. When they left the treasure room the next morning every man was loaded down with bars of gold, Keeth as heavily as the rest. He remembered that money would be a good thing, after all, if he was going to take Imozeze back to New York with him. They found upon the floor of the chamber not a few valuable stones as well, and had not prudence forbade their longer remaining, they would have explored other portions of the labyrinth.

Near noon of the second day they emerged from a narrow defile, which was a continuation of the main gallery of the cavern, and found themselves upon the wooded, gently sloping bank of a river. The towering cliffs and peaks were at their back, and the low foothills to the east scarcely obstructed their view of the horizon. They had passed through the mountains and were many and many a league from Hualpa.

After careful discussion they decided that to try to reach the town as Jose had would be a matter of great difficulty, and at Keeth's suggestion they constructed a stout raft and set sail upon it, supposing that the stream would turn out to be a branch of the Huallaga, and that they would reach some settlement upon its banks. It proved, however, to be a branch

of an entirely different river, and after sailing for three days and nights they entered a stream so broad that Fitch declared it to be one of the main arms of the Amazon. And he was right, though it was not until a fortnight that they arrived at a trading station, where his opinion was verified.

Being already so far from the Pacific coast, they decided to follow the current to the east, and after purchasing a large "wood skin" and plenty of arms and ammunition, and hiring a member of an interior tribe for a guide, they pursued their way down the great river. Four months after making their escape from the Incas' cave they arrived at Santarem, where they were able to get passage in a sailing vessel to Para, and from that city took steamer for New York.

It was nearly eight months from that eventful morning when Imozeze was the intended victim of the Incas' awful sacrificial ceremony, that the steamship reached New York quarantine. Eight months' daily intercourse with her companions, and proper habits which had been obtained for her at one of the Amazon river towns had changed her appearance wonderfully. She had learned to speak English, too, with a most charming accent, and Keeth, who had cabled his sister from Para, was not at all doubtful as to the impression Imozeze would make when she came aboard to welcome them.

The bars of gold had been exchanged for drafts at Santarem and Para, and after negotiating for the sale of most of the uncut gems which they had brought with them, Fitch and Jose Rodriguez sailed for Liverpool, the former to dazzle the eyes of his Cockney relatives and the Spaniard to return to his native country.

Ford Kinsale and Keeth bought homes near each other close to New York. Kinsale once in a while talks about going back to Peru with a larger party and exploring the Incas' cave further, and seeing if something cannot be done toward reopening and working the abandoned mines of the ancient tribe. It would mean untold wealth, but nevertheless Keeth always does his best to discourage such suggestions. He cannot forget old Inzaiki's warning, or the prophetic vision he himself beheld while under the priest's hypnotic influence.

And then, Ford doesn't talk nearly as much about journeying to the uncivilized portions of the globe as he did. Keeth's sister, who finds that she is no longer so necessary to her brother's comfort, now that he is married, has consented to give more of her attention to Ford, which satisfies him far better than anything the field of exploration has to offer. THE END.

WAS SHE JUSTIFIED?

How Paradise Was Regained and Lost.

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By E. M. HALLIDAY.

WHEN I was leaving San Francisco to come to New York my old friend Mr. Murray, the lawyer, gave me a letter of introduction to Mrs. Preston and her daughter, who lived on Madison square.

"I haven't seen Mary Preston for twenty years," he said, "but she was the sweetest girl that ever lived—a little weak and yielding perhaps. I like a woman with lots of snap, myself, and Mary was too goody-goody. She has a daughter who is grown up now. Mary was old Colonel Pitkin's only child, and she married Preston—as fine a fellow as ever lived—before she had been out here from Virginia six months. The Colonel and Preston went into some Mexican scheme and made money, but the climate down there killed Pitkin. I suppose it was that which warned Preston that something might happen to him. He put his whole fortune into interest bearing securities, so that when he died, a short time after, Mary had only to pick up a handful of papers and her baby and come back home."

"If it had been anybody but Mary, she would have married again; but no, she was wrapped up in that child. She took her off to Europe, and they have just returned. The baby is a woman now, and if she's anything like her mother and father she ought to be a fine one, with beaux till she can't rest."

I found Mr. Murray's prophecy correct—except in one direction. Mrs. Preston was less than forty, but her hair was gray on her temples and she carried a subdued manner which added ten years to her apparent age. By the side of her tall, splendid daughter she seemed very timid and frail, and sweetly gentle.

"The beaux till she can't rest" were not there. After two years in New York the Prestons knew almost nobody. Quiet people of refined tastes may live for years in a great city and make no friends.

Edyth finally rode into society on horseback. I fancy that it was not so much of an accident as it looked, when young Mr. Dinwiddie's colt ran away on the dirt road in the park and crashed into Miss Preston's mare. It was a reversal of the usual order of things when she put out her strong young arm, grasped his horse's bit and held it until the rider controlled the unbroken beast. Mr. Dinwiddie was a fair and gallant picture in his riding dress, pouring out his apologies and thanks to Miss Preston. She approved of him from the crown of his shining head to the tips of his russet boots.

When the Dinwiddie mother and sisters called to thank her for "rescuing Tom," they approved of her and her belongings. They looked about the little drawing room hung with ivory brocade and furnished in gobe-lin. They saw the good water colors on the walls, the pink roses in the tall vases and the friendly wood fire, and they decided that the Prestons were "nice."

They found out that every record behind the Prestons was "nice." Here were dignity, breeding, beauty and money. In two months Edyth Preston and Tom Dinwiddie were engaged and the whole town was saying pleasant things.

"Dear Edyth is so young and has been so devoted to her charming mother that she has never been properly presented to society," Mrs. Dinwiddie told everybody.

All the men slapped Tom on the shoulder, wished him joy and asked him how he had done it. The two people most interested were proud of each other and as perfectly happy as two people could be.

The week before Edyth was married was the coldest, snowiest season of the whole winter. Mrs. Preston had asked me to come and stay until Edyth came back from the wedding journey. She was so timid she disliked staying alone, she said.

"Mamsie needs a prop," Edyth said, holding her thin shoulders and smiling fondly into her mother's eyes. When we went out into the hall together after work she turned to me and asked seriously:

"I believe mother misses my father as much to-day as the day he died. I have seen her look at the door as though she expected him to walk in. I just remember him—such a glorious big man as he was!"

Edyth was to be married on Tuesday morning and after an informal reception to a few old friends of the Dinwiddies, who were Edyth's new ones, they were to start for Florida.

On Saturday Edyth went down to spend the day with Tom's married sister on Long Island. The elder Mr. Dinwiddie was to take her.

They had started off in a gale of merriment in the morning and Edyth was to come home to dinner. It was a little past the hour and her mother and I were waiting for her, with only one gas jet and the cheerful logs to give us light, when we heard the bell ring one's dog.

"That is Edyth now," I said, and then there were sounds of an altercation in the hall. Some one was insisting upon seeing Mrs. Preston. We both arose. The portieres were put aside and there stood before them a

figure that looked most incongruous in that exquisite apartment. It was the wreck of a man. He must once have been powerful and handsome, but now his chest and cheeks were hollow and his bony hands trembled. He looked at Mrs. Preston with a pitiful, feverish gaze, as a condemned man might look at his judge. There was something defiant in it, too. I expected to hear her send for the coachman to have him put out. I think that was her first impulse, and then her lips set together in a line I did not know.

"You may go," she said to the maid, and then she turned to the man: "What do you want?"

He did not seem to notice me, and she had forgotten me. She was taking the chance. I saw presently, of getting through before Edyth returned and she could not think of everything.

They say that melodrama is unreal and that genuine people do not show their emotions in these days. I wish I could begin to forget what I saw then, by believing it to be acting.

That awful, soaked, freezing wreck fell upon his knees before that woman.

"Mary, Mary!" he sobbed. "Let me see her, just once—just once! I shan't live long; I am dying. You can see that I am dying. They say that she is going to marry and go away. I read it in the paper, and where you lived. I couldn't keep away. Let her speak to me once!"

His voice was hoarse and gasping. It was horrible.

"How dare you come here?" she said.

"I must see her! Only once! She is mine as well as yours!"

"Yes yours that you deserted, as you deserted her mother! It is not your fault that she is not a beggar, as you rightly are! You would have put every penny out of our hands. You compelled me—me, to be a thief, a criminal, to steal what was rightly mine and hers—the fortune you had gathered up to take with you, to spend on that—!" Her voice was getting beyond her control, and she recovered herself. "How dare you come here!"

"I swear you were mistaken! I meant to leave your share of the money," she sneered in his face. "I was a fool—but I have suffered. I ask—oh, God, Mary!—I ask only to see Edyth for one moment!"

"To soil her happiness! To show her her mother as a liar and her father as an outcast! To blast every sweet belief of her youth! To make the good people who love her call us adventuresses, or at least look at her

WHAT OF THE SHIP

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SEA GULL, sea gull, over the rip, The rip where the breakers throng;

Sea gull, sea gull, what of the ship I've waited for so long?

Sea gull, sea gull, lithe her spars, White as your wings each sail; And never soldier rode to the wars As she to the shrieking gale.

Sea gull, sea gull, clear his brow, Keen as your own his sight, As he lays her true on her course—I trow

You've met him in your flight.

Sea gull, sea gull, here I wait.

Had he n'er a word for me?

Sea gull, sea gull, what of his fate Since last he put to sea?

Sea gull, sea gull, shrill your cry! Poised on the Autumn air—

What do your piercing eyes descry Deep in the sea out there?

Sea gull, sea gull, over the rip, The rip where the breakers throng;

Sea gull, sea gull, what of the ship I've waited for so long?

GUSTAV KOBBE.

with pity! To ruin her life! Never!"

"Let me see her! I will not tell her who I am. Let me see her!"

His voice was entreating, like a sick child's. The tears were on his cheeks. Mrs. Preston drew aside her skirts.

"Get up," she said, "and go! If there is one fiber of manhood left in your body, you will continue to let my child think her father dead and honorable!"

He lifted himself painfully to his feet and walked, tottered, out through the portieres that clung to his wet coat as though they pitied and would warm him.

I looked from the window. Coming up the steps I saw Edyth. Rosy, happy, the snow crystals clinging to her furs and to the feathers in her big hat, she was an incarnation of radiant youth. I sprang toward the door and her mother moved with me. The man was on the step and the door was open. We held our breaths.

Edyth stopped for an instant, wondering at the sight of a beggar coming from the front door. The man did not seem to notice her. She spoke to him, and as he looked up he met eyes that were his eyes of his own youth looking at him with an infinite pity.

"You look ill," Edyth said. "What can I do for you?"

She opened her purse. He put one hand up over his mouth as though he feared that he might speak, and pushing away with the other the coin she offered he moved down the steps.

As he looked back in his feverish eyes, his dying eyes, was the look of the soul who has seen Paradise and knows it lost.

THE TRAGEDY OF ELM TOP

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

"NO tennis, no horseback, nothing to excite you." Such were the words of Lorton

Maynard's physician when he sent him off to Elmtop for three months in order that the young lawyer might escape a complete breakdown. Maynard had been enormously successful in his practice, was extremely popular socially and had in consequence burned the candle at both ends during the previous winter. By midsummer he narrowly escaped being snuffed out himself.

"Rest and a complete change of scene are the only things that will set you on your feet again," said Dr. Brierly. "You want to get completely away from your kind, from those who remind you of what your life is in its ordinary channels. I think I know just the place for you. The question is, Will you go?"

"Yes, as you say my life depends upon it; though if I am driven to suicide from boredom, I fail to see what has been gained."

At Elmtop Maynard found board in the house of the village doctor, where the doors were locked at ten every night and breakfast was eaten each morning at eleven.

Maynard was a man of the world, city bred and inclined to hold in contempt sentimental fancies for grass and flowers and birds. Nevertheless, he soon found himself becoming convinced that no grass was so green as that which grew in Elmtop, no flower so fragrant as those that bloomed in the doctor's garden, no music sweeter than the songs of the birds that each morning woke him to a new day of existence in this quiet little town where he was happier than he had ever been before.

And if life was rose tinged for him, what was it for her, whose whole horizon hitherto had been bounded by the affections of her father, and the sweet content that comes from duty done? Maynard had been taken captive on the very first night of his arrival, as she sat opposite him at table and poured the tea. In her faintness, her freedom from all self-consciousness or thought of her own attractiveness, there was for him all the charm of novelty. He could no more have helped showing his admiration for her in his eyes than he could have stopped breathing; and when he saw that instead of her being annoyed she was as frankly pleased as a child, the conquest was complete.

A Tale of a Broken Melody.

That was the beginning. The days and weeks that followed were halcyon ones to each of them. Sometimes Maynard looked back upon his past life, and was amazed at himself. For his crop of wild oats had been no small one, and he had left off sowing it not so many years back. He was now nearer forty than thirty. "Quite time for me to settle down," he told himself.

He wondered what Claudine would think if she knew his past. Pure as the unsullied snow herself, he felt instinctively that she would be among those who stand out rigorously for the one standard of honor for men and women.

So the Summer drifted on, bearing these two on the tide of love. And one August afternoon Maynard decided he would speak. The doctor had gone on a long ride to see a patient over the mountain. Claudine and Maynard were sitting under the trees behind the house.

"Claude," Maynard began, "shall you miss me after I go away next month?"

She looked up—the expression of her eyes giving him an answer that made his heart beat fast.

"And I shall miss you, little one," he went on softly. "But why should it be necessary that either of us ever miss the other?"

"Do you mean—" faltered on her lips.

"I mean that I want you to be my wife. You know that I love you, that I would give my life for yours. Am I too old for you to trust your happiness to my keeping?"

"To whose keeping should I trust it but that of the man I love, Lorton," she whispered.

Such a cozy tea as these two had together! It was the first time they had eaten alone. Maynard laughingly observed that they might almost imagine themselves married. Claudine laughed, too, but suddenly grew grave.

"Lorton," she said, after a little hesitation, "will you mind if I speak about something sad? I would not do so only it seems cruel in me to be so full of joy when there is such a memory in my life. And besides, I have always promised myself that if ever a man told me that he loved me, I would make him a sharer in my secret."

"Your secret, love!" exclaimed Maynard. "Surely you can have no secret."

"They were sitting on the veranda

in the moonlight. Maynard's arm was about her, her head on his shoulder, her eyes looking up into his as she told her story.

"You did not know that I once had a sister. She was older than I; she is dead—died of shame. We lived in the city then. Papa was struggling to get along, and Bess helped him. She was a clerk in one of the big stores, at one of the counters where men often came. And there was one who bought things he really did not need just to purchase them from her; and one day he asked her out to drive with him. And he sent her presents and made promises which he never kept. And then she died. Oh, Lorton, the misery of it—the shame for us all! Papa's heart was broken, and he thanked Heaven that mamma had not been spared to suffer this blow—this worse than death. And then we came up here to bury ourselves in the country."

"Now, I have told you this, because I wanted you to know all about me, and because I thought that perhaps you would some day find the man and make him suffer as he has made us. His name, or the name he gave Bess, was Laurence Morton."

A cry